

Sage Francis "Dance Monkey"

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ride.

i got two left hooves, two on test.

well, since nobody's steppin' to me

(huh) take me to your cult leader

(huh huh) take me to your local drug dealer

take me to the man in the mirror

when you stand and deliver with your hand on the
trigger

an emotional terrorist

I double-M U N E

never make my enemy public

i'm a private dancer, dancin' for money
dance monkey, dance you goddamn monkey
(do that thing that's funny)

do i make you wanna laugh?

i make you wanna move
i make you wanna dodo dododo do
(repeat)
case one carries a paint gun

she's unafraid of wavin' when she's gettin' her face
done

her favorite radio station's a permanent paid vacation

burnin' her face in the sun

she loves repetitive songs that keep playin'
you know the repetitive songs that keep playin'

she learned all the words and she works it baby

dangerously catchy and she feels it in her cervix lately

'cause the rhythm is a cancer
she's on a secret diet

a private viewing disease-free tv pilot

she saw the future in a group study

they threw money in her pants
(do that thing that's funny)
dance monkey, dance you goddamn monkey
do i make you wanna laugh?
i make you wanna move

i make you wanna dodo dododo do
(repeat)
don't live for the moment -- live for the constant

die for what's right or get killed by your conscience

there's a difference between conscience, conscious
and conscientious

contrary to popular belief

you're none of these

there's plenty to feed

empty mouths've been nest bound

and kept down and apes won't be bangin on the chest
pound

when pacemakers are fragile

they thate the taste of capsules

they feed their face with paxil
females hate their dads still
holy son's got mommy issues on deck at the podium

holdin' tongues with the rituals

more complex than napoleon

i told'em

"it isn't his job to live in a fog"

i don't have a god complex, you've got a simple god
(huh) take me to your cult leader

(c'mon) take me to your local drug dealer

(c'mon man) take me to the man in the mirror

when you stand and deliver with your hand on the
trigger
and a can of miller in the other
you can't kill me motherfucker

i got our number, you best disconnect before i call it
the bumper sticker on your forehead's the wrong fit
when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for
shelter?)

when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for
shelter?)

when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for
shelter?)

not that mine'll help ya
dance!

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